

Harry Potter and the title I haven't discovered

by susie

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Summary: This is the 2nd part of ch1, and it is still really rough, and I still want u to review, and I know stuff kinda like this has been done before, but it changes, really...I promise...it get's better...please review, and be really mean if u want to....as lon

Harry Potter and the title I haven't discovered

> Disclamer- Okay, the characters belong to J.K. Rowling, except for the Fishers, who are mine. Yeah. <br>

><br> This is part 2...read part one...part two and part one form chapter one of the story that still doesn't have a name...I'm re-submitting it under a different name when it has a title. Yeah...here it is.

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> Mr. Dursley slammed the door to Number Four and threw Harry onto the ground of the entryway.<br>

><br> "How dare you!" he telled, his face bursting with anger. "I have never been more embarrassed in my life! I knew I never should have brought you along, Potter! But no! No! 'I want to come,' you said. 'I promise I won't cause any trouble,' you said. Well what do you call that spectacle!?!? Brynne is a very nice girl from a prestigious family, and I will not have you corrupting her with you antics, or your...abnormality! I don't ever want to see you flirting with her again! "

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> "Flirting with her!" Harry shouted back. "I was not! I was simply trying to make a friend, but you'll never let me! I have no reason to flirt with Brynne when I have Hermione-"<br>

> <br> "Oh, don't bring your stupid abnormal friends into this," Uncle Vernon roared. "I don't want to hear another word about that girl, or any other child who waves around wands and plays with cauldrons."

><br>

> "I'm not a child!" Harry stood, towering over his uncle, his finger

raised threateningly. "I'm almost 17, and if you think that's a child, you've got something else coming!"<br>

><br> Vernon stared at Harry, a cool look in his eyes.

><br>

> "You think you're so old and wise?" he snarled. "Then I guess you're mature enough to be out on your own. You don't need us anymore...so get out."<br>

><br> Harry looked up, shocked.

><br>

> "What?"<br>

><br> "Get out!" he roared again. "You've got ten minutes to get out of here, and I never want to see you again!"

><br>

> "Fine!" Harry shouted, standing on the third stair. "Fine, I won't come back! I never want to come back here again! Why would I want to re-live the last 16 years of my life! The only times I've felt loved or accepted was when I was at Hogwarts!" He saw Uncle Vernon wince.

"What, you don't like that?" he asked, taking advantage of the situation at hand. "Hogwarts! Magic! Oh, you have a problem with that? I don't! I'm a wizard!!!!"<br>

><br> "POTTER!!!!!" Vernon yelled. "Don't you DARE mention your abnormality in this house!"

><br>

> "I'll mention it all I want to," Harry retorted, marching up the stairs to his room. "And you can't stop me!" He slammed the door behind and dropped to his knees beside his bed. Mr. Dursley screamed at the top of his lungs from downstairs as Harry pulled up the floorboards to retrieve his school supplies. Parchment flew everywhere as he stuffed everything he owned into the small trunk in the corner of his room. As a last thought, Harry tore the blankets off his bed and threw them in too, then shut the lid with a thud. Hedwig stirred in her cage.<br>

><br> "C'mon," Harry said gently, "We're leaving. Let's go." He picked up the cage and started for the door, when suddenly it opened. Dudley marched in, his arms full of broken toys, never-before read books, and old computer disks.

><br>

> "Dad said I get my room back," Dudley told him, triumphantly as he stepped over Harry's trunk and dumped his junk on the now-stripped bed.<br>

><br> "Fine!" Harry yelled back, dragging his trunk into the hallway. "Take the whole house for all I care." He pulled the heavy trunk with Hedwig's cage on top down the stairs to the front door, and opened it, pushing his things outside. "None of it was ever mine to begin with!" The door slammed shut behind him. He turned to make his way down the walkway, but to make his way down the walkway, but instead found himself face to face with a mass of red hair. It was Brynne.

><br>

> "Oh!" he said startled. "What are you doing here?"<br>

><br> "I heard the shouting, and came to investigate." She perched at him curiously. "Are you alright?" Harry sighed and pushed his glasses back further onto his nose.

><br>

> "Listen, Brynne," he said with a sigh. "I know I don't know you very well, and that I just met you today, but...can I talk to you about something?"<br>

><br> "Sure," she replied. "Anything you want to. Do you want to go back to my house?"

><br>

> "No," he said quickly. "That's too close to the Dursley's. There's a park around the corner. I think I can pull my trunk that far, if you're willing to take Hedwig's cage."<br>  
><br> "Of course," she said taking the handle. "Very interesting choice of pets."  
><br>  
> "Well...I...uh...take what the Dursley's will give me...even if it's just a scrawny little owl." Hedwig hooted in response. "Sorry Hedwig. Didn't mean it." He grabbed the end of the trunk and began pulling. It thumped down the front steps and scraped as he dragged it along the hard pavement. They walked in silence and stopped at the corner, waiting for the cars to pass.<br>  
><br> "You're a wizard, aren't you?"  
><br>  
> Harry's heart jumped, shocked at what he had just heard.<br>  
  
><br> "No...no...I...I'm not," he stammered, trying to avoid the subject.  
><br>  
> "Oh come on, Harry!" she said, frustrated. "You have an owl. Only wizards have owls as pets. You go to school away from the entire year. All wizarding schools are like that. You couldn't show me your pictures, because they move. They're wizarding photos." The walk signal blinked. "We can cross now." She picked up Hedwig's cage as Harry pulled the trunk dumbfoundedly across the busy street. Cars honked their horns and stared at them.<br>  
><br> "And most importantly," Brynne said with a smile as they reached the opposite corner, "You're dragging a trunk around town. That's a dead giveaway."  
><br>  
> Harry smiled sheepishly.<br>  
><br> "So you know about the wizarding world?" he asked. "How?"  
  
><br>  
> She stared off into the distance as they walked across the grass of the park. <br>  
><br> "My...best friend in America was a witch. She told me all about it a few years ago. I can tell you, it certainly surprised me." Brynne laughed as she sat on a wooden bench near the playground. "I didn't believe her...until she showed me some pictures from school, and they moved. Well. that certainly convinced me."  
><br>  
> "You...haven't told anyone...have you?"<br>  
><br> "No," Brynne said smiling. "She made me swear to secrecy. No one knows except me."  
><br>  
> "Good."<br>  
> <br> They sat there in silence for an awkward moment.  
><br>  
> "What's Hogwarts like?" Harry smiled in response to her question.<br>  
><br> "I love it there," he said quietly. "It's where I belong."  
  
><br>  
> "No," Brynne told him, shaking her head. "What's it LIKE? The people, the classes the school-"<br>  
> <br> "I see what you mean," Harry began. He told her all about the castle, the Forbidden Forest, and Hagrid's hut. Then, he told her about the teachers-about Snape, Lupin, McGonagall, Dumbledore...quidditch, Oliver Wood, Malfoy...

><br>  
> "And of course," he said smiling, "there's Hermione and Ron."<br>  
  
> <br> "Those are your two best friends," she asked. "Right?"  
><br>  
> "Yeah."<br>  
><br> "What are they like?"  
><br>  
> Harry smiled.<br>  
><br> "Hermione's incredible," he told her softly. "She's the  
smartest girl in school, and, in my opinion, by far the prettiest."  
He paused. "And I love her." Harry stopped, lost in his thoughts.  
Brynne cleared her throat, snapping him out of his trance.  
><br>  
> "Oh," he said, startled. "Sorry about that."<br>  
><br> "That's okay," she replied. "What about the other one? Ron.  
What's he like?" Harry chuckled.  
><br>  
> "Ron's kind of our comic relief," he said. "He's really funny." He  
paused. "You'd like him."<br>  
><br> "I'm sure I would," she answered, smiling. "When will you see  
them again?"  
><br>  
> "Not until the end of August or beginning of September," he said  
standing, his hands jammed loosely into his pockets. "And until then,  
I have no idea where I'm going to stay." He sighed and looked around.  
"I would go to Ron's house, but I have no way of getting there  
discretely. People might look at me funny if they saw me riding  
around England on a broomstick."<br>  
><br> "How far away is it?" Brynne asked.  
><br>  
> "I'm not sure, Harry told her. "As a matter of fact, I don't even  
know how to get there. But Hedwig could show me the way."<br>  
><br> "Well," Brynne said, sighing, "I could try and drive you there,  
but no guarantees. I'm not used to driving on the other side of the  
road just yet."  
><br>  
> "At least you CAN drive," Harry retorted. "The Dursley's never even  
let me within 3 feet of their car, much less drive it!" Brynne  
laughed.<br>  
><br> "Why don't I walk back to my house, get the car, and come pick  
you up here," said Brynne, standing up and stretching her arms. "Then  
we'll let Hedwig lead the way."  
><br>  
> "Sounds good to me," Harry told her.<br>  
><br> "Okay," she said. "I'll see you in a few minutes."  
><br>  
> "Alright," Harry told her, as she walked across the lawn into the  
fading twilight.<br>  
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End  
file.